

The
**Missionary
Helper**

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY
BY THE



RECBAPTIST WOMANS MISSIONARY SOCIETY

❀ May, 1886. ❀

PROVIDENCE R.I.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Editorial.....	137
Marching Orders	140
"Heroines of the Mission Field."	143
Found Wanting.....	146
Bible Reading.	147
An Acrostic.	148
Home Mission Notes.....	149
Correspondence—	
From a Teacher—Harper's	
Ferry Notes—Then and	
Now.....	151
From Miss Coombs—Extracts	
from a Private Letter. ...	153
"Onward, Still Pursuing"—	154
Correspondence —	
From Mrs. Bachelor — A	
Pleasant Memory.....	155
Finance.....	158
Hints for Home Workers.....	159
Home Department —	
My Soul and I.....	161
Kathleen	161
Words from Home Workers	165
Children's Niche —	
The Blessing of Song.....	168
Doing Business for the Lord. 168	
Contributions.....	171

The Missionary Helper.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, *in advance*, For ten or more copies, *one copy free*; no extra charge for postage.

Time: Subscriptions should begin either with January or July.

Suggestions: Please give your *exact* address in every letter. When requesting a change give both the *old* and the *new* address. Do not omit the *Mrs.* or *Miss*.

Send money either by money-order, bank check, or registered letter. Small sums in postal notes as far as possible.

Send communications, whether relating to the business or the editorial department, to

MRS. M. M. BREWSTER, Editor and Agent.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Editorial Contributors.—Miss ELLA EVANS, Mrs. S. A. PORTER, Mrs. FRANK L. HAYES, Miss ANNA P. STOCKWELL, Miss MAY M. BISBEE, Mrs. J. C. OSGOOD.

Publication Committee.—Mrs. G. S. ANDREWS, Mrs. J. L. PHILLIPS, Mrs. A. R. BRADBURY, Mrs. E. W. PORTER, Mrs. H. K. CLARK, Mrs. H. C. KEITH, Mrs. M. N. DAVISON, Secretary.

Treasury.—MONEYS for Home and Foreign Missions of Woman's Society should be sent to Miss L. A. DEMERITTE, Dover, N. H.

Missionary Bureau of Intelligence.—ADDRESS—Miss KATE J. ANTHONY, 40 Summer St., Providence, R. I.; Mrs. J. A. HOOPER, 32 Codding St., Providence, R. I.

Woman's Bureau of Ocean Park Association.—Mrs. LEWIS DEXTER, President; Mrs. J. C. OSGOOD, Treasurer; Mrs. J. M. REMICK, Recording Secretary.

WILLIMANTIC
THE BEST THREAD FOR SEWING MACHINES



The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED



MONTHLY

BY THE

FREE BAPTIST

WOMAN'S * MISSIONARY * SOCIETY.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1886.

No 5.

THE condition of the treasury of any organization is usually a true index of the real practical interest taken in its work. The fact of individual responsibility must not be forgotten. "Two cents a week and a prayer," while not all we can do, may yet help much. The words of the treasurer are worthy of consideration.

AMONG converts to Christianity, especially if educated, there would naturally be a demand for Christian literature. *The Indian Witness* says a Bible dictionary has recently been published in the Marathi language, using *Dr. Shaff's Bible Dictionary* as a basis, and is well adapted to the needs of the people of India. Such a work must be of the greatest value to the native pastors and teachers. It is proposed to translate it into the Bengali and Urdu languages.

MANY are the interests that claim attention. Many are the heroes at work for the cause of truth and righteousness. Shall we not read "Home Mission Notes" with care, and try to find a practical answer to the query, "Why so few where the need is so great?" Dear women, we have had

our part in establishing the mission and the school at Harper's Ferry. Why may we not now do something for the Cairo mission, the vast section over which the Rev. Mr. Manning is set to have the care? And then the West with its opportunities as broad as its prairies.

A MAN of high character, an excellent pastor and a thoroughly reliable minister of the gospel, is what our Rev. Mr. Brackett says of the Rev. C. C. Wainwright, of Charlestown, W. Va. A call from this brother a few days since brings the fact to notice that his church is making an heroic struggle to pay off the debt on their house of worship, and which must needs be done at once. Its front door looks out on the very spot where John Brown was hung. With impulses stirred by thankfulness that the dark days of slavery are over, who would not help establish a church for a free gospel on such an historic spot. Contributions can be sent to the pastor, or to the Rev. N. C. Brackett, Harper's Ferry, W. Va. If further motives are needed, they may be found in "Then and Now," under Correspondence.

THERE is a suggestive thought as to method in these words from a devoted worker, Mrs. West, of Michigan. She says: "I find the blank for the Literature Fund in my HELPER this evening. I am glad you thus provoke us to good works. We are trying to collect five cents a member for that purpose, and in time you will hear from us."

May not others do likewise? Why not let this Fund have the same chance as the Incidental Fund, as a regular object to which to contribute? An article, it is hoped, by Mrs. Phillips will appear next month regarding this subject.

WORK on the second edition of *Missionary Reminiscences* is well under way. It will be just as good a book as that already issued. Now what is wanted, is a person

really in earnest to sell five copies, at least, in each church. The Quarterly and Yearly Meetings just at hand, will afford a good opportunity for its sale. Persons who will act as agents are requested to send us their names at once. In the words of another, this work "contains the romance of the Free Baptist church in its wonderful work for lands unsunned by Christ."

A LETTER just received from Mrs. Griffin, too late for this issue, makes mention of the death of Purna, the native preacher at Midnapore. She says of him that he has been to her in her work, a friend and counselor, a person whose judgment was valuable. He was a strong man and an eloquent preacher. He leaves a wife and six children. He was in the prime of his usefulness.

THAT the world moves may truly be said in view of the following facts: The recent graduation from the Woman's Medical College, of Philadelphia, of Mrs. Anandibai Joshee, after a three years' course of successful study, she being the first native woman to bear the honors of the medical profession to her own country: The reception tendered by Dr. Bodley, dean of the college, to the relative, Pundita Ramabai, who came to witness the graduation of Dr. Joshee; of the elegant address of the Pundita in English to a large audience, whose attention was held fast for nearly an hour as she spoke of the conditions and needs of Hindu womanhood; and the coming to this country of Miss Kiu Koto, a graduate of the Normal School of Tokio, Japan, to the Massachusetts State Normal School for a three years' course of training, being the first Japanese woman ever sent to a foreign country to study by direction of the government of Japan.

DR. BACHELER reached Calcutta on the 2d of April. A warm welcome awaited his arrival at Midnapore.

Marching Orders.

[BY THE REV. G. A. BURGESS.]

“BY a daring inroad beyond the Tigris Abu Taher advanced to the very gates of Mecca with no more than 500 horse. By the special order of Mochtader the bridges behind had been broken down, and the person or head of the rebel force was expected every hour by the commander of the faithful. His lieutenant, from a motive of fear or pity, apprised Abu Taher of his danger and recommended a speedy escape. ‘Your master,’ said Abu to the messenger, ‘is at the head of 30,000 soldiers; look you! three such men as these are wanting in his host’; at the same instant, turning to three of his companions, he said to the first, ‘Plunge that dagger into your breast’; to the second, ‘Leap into yonder Tigris,’ to the third, ‘Cast yourself headlong down this precipice.’ The three Arabs obeyed instantly without a murmur. ‘Relate,’ continued Abu, ‘what you have seen; before the evening, mark you, your general shall be chained among my dogs.’ And before evening the camp was surprised and the menace was executed.”

Such loyalty stirs us. We rejoice with Gibbon over such examples of absolute obedience. It is true the cause fought for was ignoble, but the self-forgetfulness exhibited is none the less glorious.

The Duke of Wellington, too, knew the worth of absolute obedience. He knew thoroughly those successive campaigns against Napoleon, in which during “ten months the French Emperor with 55,000 men conquered five armies under veteran generals, composed of more than 200,000 highly disciplined Austrian troops. Napoleon had taken 100,000 prisoners, and killed and wounded 35,000 men of the enemy. These were great victories, and ‘a great victory’ said the Duke of Wellington, nobly, ‘is the most awful thing in this world except a great defeat.’” This Wellington had had ripe experience. How he panted for night or help on that battle-field of Waterloo, as he saw his own troops melting away under the deadly fire of Napoleon’s infantry. And how he rode fearlessly forward after the battle was decided, disregarding the flying shot, saying to those who cautioned him, “Let them fire away; victory is ours; my life is now of no value.” Wellington years afterward said in Parlia-

ment, "My Lords, I am one of those who have passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it."

Would you like to know what this brave, true man who fought for peace, thought of missions? It is related that late in life he went into an assembly where they were discussing to some length the difficulties of Christian missions. One argued, can we do it? another, does it pay? Wellington aroused arose. His magnetic words sent a thrill through that assembly as he exclaimed, "Soldiers never question the commands of their leader. Falter at no failure. Your marching orders are imperative, 'Go, go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

The success which we see in the mission field to-day has been wrought out by brave, true men who thought concerning *marching orders* the same as the Iron Duke and victorious Abu Taher. Methodist Stephens relates two excellent incidents to the point.

"A friend remonstrated with Dr. Thomas Coke when he proposed to go to India at his own expense and there establish Wesleyan missions when he was nearly seventy years old; Coke replied, 'I am now dead to Europe and alive for India. God himself has said to me, 'Go to Ceylon!' I would rather be set naked on its coast and without a friend, than not to go. I am learning the Portuguese language continually.'" When Melville B. Cox was about to embark as a missionary to Liberia, to a student of the Wesleyan University he remarked, "If I die in Africa, you may come and write my epitaph." "What shall it be?" asked his young friend. "Write," he replied, "'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.'" In less than five months after his arrival in 1833, he slept in an African grave. The case of the death of young Bagster who recently died in Africa as missionary of the American Board, is very similar. Space fails me for extended comment. But let us *think*, brethren. Thirty-five thousand men fell in ten months to save Europe from despotism. All that Cox asked was that 1,000 fall to save Africa for Christ.

When the Apostle Paul was face to face with the wickedness of a great city, brought there by the call of God as

foreign missionary, how bright was the encouragement that came from the Lord by night: "Be not afraid, but speak, I am with thee, for I have much people in this city." What similarly rich endorsement has God given men in our day who have gone to the field following marching orders from Him.

Before we leave Stephens, let us tarry over one more instance as recounted by him. "In 1815, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw went from England as a missionary to the Africans. Arriving at Cape Town, the government prohibited (strange prohibition) his laboring there, and with his devoted wife he started for the heathen tribes in the interior. A wagon and oxen were their outfit, and not knowing whither they went they continued their weary journey, until on the evening of the twenty-seventh day they met a party of Hottentots, accompanied by a chief, who encamped near them. Shaw communicated with them, and, to his surprise, learned that having heard of the "Great Word," the chief was going to Cape Town to seek a Christian missionary for his people. He had already traveled two hundred miles, and there were yet nearly three hundred before he could reach Cape Town, where it was certain he could obtain no preacher. . . . Had either party started but half an hour earlier on its journey they must have missed each other."

The old, old story over again: primitive methods bringing primitive power. God calling one to preach and one other to listen. Setting Philip over against the ancient Ethiopian; setting Shaw walking by faith over against the modern. It is all off from one web, only later woven,—woven by the same master hand. We can trust that Master to issue his own orders. We believe in receiving from Him orders. He called us, we heard, and felt the new birth. He called again, and we "perceived" (1 Samuel, iii., 8), our call to the ministry. To all who have received either of these calls he is calling concerning the missionary field. He calls both to laymen and to clergymen. He calls for both money and men. No man near to Christ can limit his sympathies and endeavors to the limits of the parish in which he is placed. For marching orders are imperative. "The field is the world." Let each one ask, "What is Christ saying to *me*, concerning *the world!*"

GREENVILLE, R. I.

"Heroines of the Mission Field."

[BY MISS A. F. BOWEN.]

MARY SMITH was born in 1795, at New Windsor, near Manchester, England. The influences of her early years were finely adapted to develop those elements of character which made her long missionary life so useful. In 1815, she became acquainted with Robert Moffat, just after his decision to devote himself to foreign missionary work.

Miss Smith had already become interested in foreign missions, having received her first impulse in that direction at the Moravian school where she was educated. The strong bonds of sympathy established by missionary zeal were soon succeeded by those of affection; but Miss Smith's parents refused consent to an alliance which would take their daughter to a foreign land. In October, 1816, Mr. Moffat sailed for South Africa. Two years and a half later Miss Smith joyfully received the consent of her parents to enter upon her chosen work. She sailed for Cape Town, in September, 1819, where Mr. Moffat met her. They were married in December of the same year. Early in 1820, they left Cape Town for Kuruman; but owing to opposition from the colonial government, they did not settle there permanently until May of the following year. The people among whom their work lay were at that time "mere savages, idol-worshippers, constantly at war among themselves and with their neighbors." They were "inveterate thieves." "No tool or household utensil could be left about for a moment or it would disappear." "Selfish, filthy, stupid," they "loved darkness rather than light," and all efforts to enlighten them were met with ridicule and contempt. Surrounded by hostile tribes their station was for the first few years frequently disturbed by marauders. Once, during the absence of Mr. Moffat, on a journey to the interior, news reached Mrs. Moffat that a fierce band "were contemplating a visit to the Kuruman."

"On one occasion so great was the alarm that she was aroused at midnight by the chief." At the same time, she heard of an "invasion on the northeast, which she knew was in the track of her husband's journey." She had no tidings from him for weeks, and the suspense was most

trying. "No wonder," she wrote, "I find it requires the exercise of some fortitude to be calm and serene under such a separation in such circumstances, and at such a time, in a land of barbarians."

These missionaries labored long before any signs of success appeared, but Mrs. Moffat's faith never wavered. While there was no glimmer of the dawn she received a letter from a friend in England, asking if there was anything of use that could be sent. Mrs. Moffat's answer was, "Send us a communion service; we shall need it some day."

At length the day came when the missionaries sat down for the first time with a little company of converts, "at the table of the Lord." "On the day preceding this memorable occasion a box arrived containing the communion vessels, for which Mary Moffat had asked nearly three years before."

As the years passed Mrs. Moffat's faith was constantly tested, but never found wanting. Caring for her large family, and doing active missionary work as she was able, never physically strong, and sometimes prostrated by severe illness, often called to suffer bereavement, she never faltered. Anxious to aid her husband in every possible way, she encouraged him to make frequent evangelizing tours into the interior, while she cheerfully endured the solitude his long absence involved. She also made long and dangerous journeys with only native escorts that she might not take her husband from his work. As her children became old enough to leave home, she made repeated journeys to the coast to place them at school, and to visit them while there. Returning from one of these visits, while detained on the southern bank of the Orange River, writing to her husband, she mentions among the incidents of the journey, thus far: "a broken axle, heavy thunder-storms, much rain, quagmires in abundance; sometimes we were stuck in them for three or four hours; one night we slept in one." Four of her children became missionaries. These she followed with tenderest sympathy, often sending messages of hope and courage, made impressive by lessons from her own experience.

In 1846, she visited her daughter Mary who had become the wife of Dr. Livingstone. "It added another to the list of her long and adventurous journeys alone, but her mother heart was anxious about the daughter now enduring sickness and hardship in a new mission."

In 1862, she received the sad tidings that Mrs. Livingstone had died at Zambesi. "So strong, however, was the missionary feeling, that half the sting was taken away by the joy that her daughter had been permitted to meet her end in the front rank of those who had gone to strive for the welfare of the heathen children of Africa."

At length, after more than fifty years of toil in South Africa, the conviction prevailed with Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, that the time had come when they must leave the work they loved and return to England. "With slow and faint steps, as if waiting for something to hinder them," they prepared for their departure, which occurred in March, 1870. "As the old missionary and his wife came out of their door and walked to their wagon, they were beset by the crowds, each longing for one more touch of the hand and one more word; and as the wagon drove away it was followed by all who could walk, and a long pitiful wail arose, enough to melt the hardest heart."

They arrived in England in July. A few months were spent in pleasant intercourse with friends, but the winter proved too severe for Mrs. Moffat's enfeebled constitution. A severe cold resulted in an illness, which speedily proved fatal. On the evening of January 10, as her husband was watching beside her, "observing an unusual silence, he went to the bedside, and looking at the invalid in alarm, he exclaimed, 'Mary, dear, only one word!' But silence was the only response, for the Master had come and called her."

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Moravians, who are one of the smallest religious denominations, maintain 323 missionaries in various parts of the earth, and 1,575 native assistants, and now have about eighty-one thousand adherents in mission fields.—*Mission News.*

"Yellow Hank," ten years ago a painted savage, is now pastor of a Congregational church in Dakota, living on his own farm of 160 acres, under fence, well stocked, and in good cultivation, with garden and flower beds; his comfortable house and furniture being as civilized as those of most white settlers on the frontier.

Found Wanting.

[BY MISS CLARA CUTTS.]

[Thoughts suggested by the article, "Shall they wear crowns?" in the February number.]

SHE stood at the bar of judgment,
 A pious woman of earth,
 Who seeing the heathen round her,
 Thanked God for her Christian birth.
 The balance awaited to test her,
 She entered with fearless thought,
 Her good deeds would outweigh surely
 All evil she e'er had wrought.

But in the balance against her
 Went women, two hundred strong,
 Women who'd heard not of Jesus,
 Throughout their whole life long.
 Her side of the scales went upward;
 "Wanting," the verdict given,
 "Found wanting,—these souls were left you
 To save for Christ in heaven."

"Father," she pleaded, "the heathen
 Were near, were just at my door,
 Could I slight these for the others,
 And carelessly pass them o'er?"
 The Master answered, "My daughter,
 The widow's mites were her all,
 Now two hundred heathen women
 To each Christian woman fall.

Though duties press close beside you,
 Others wait over the sea,
 And saving these heathen women
 Was e'en your life work to be.
 Part of your mission is finished,
 And part is still left undone,
 Christ can accept but completion
 When your earthly course is run."

To each Christian woman is given
 Two hundred heathen to save!
 Has God left to us this number
 To free from death and the grave?
 Help us, O Lord of the harvests!
 Help us our duty to do,
 And not neglecting the home land
 To work in foreign fields too.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H.

Bible Reading.

[BY MRS. A. C. HAYES.]

A LITTLE longer we will tarry in the precious seventeenth chapter of John.

Verse 14: "I have given them *THY WORD*." It is said, "The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself." How unobtrusive, gentle, and considerate, and how bountiful, is our Lord's manner of giving the word! We must not fail to notice how constantly he brings it, as then revealed, into all his conversations and teaching, and into his personal life. It is very interesting to trace his frequent quotations from the old Testament. In this way he has given us the Father's word afresh and unveiled. But he has also given it by showing how it is made practical. As *we* must meet Satan's attacks, so he met him, and overcame him, with the word of God. In the successive attacks in the wilderness, every thrust our Lord gave was with a "sword of the Spirit" drawn on the instant, from the armory of Deuteronomy. How necessary that *we* be familiar with the Scriptures, so that, on occasion, we, too, may instantly grasp an appropriate word!

"I have given them thy word!" Then we must not dishonor the Giver by neglecting his gift. If *David* so loved and honored the word, as shown in every verse of the long 119th psalm, how much more did Jesus! He has translated it into *life* for us! He was its living exemplification. He *was* the word. How full of meaning, then, to him, was his declaration to the Father, in that hour: "I have given them thy word!"

We must surely, as he did, live upon the word, as to our spiritual lives, as much as our bodies must live upon material food. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." (Matt. iv., 4: Deut. viii., 3.) So when he teaches us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," it is with reference to the food of the soul, as much as to that of the body. Eat ye that which is good, and let your *soul* delight itself in fatness." (Is. lv., 2.) We shall "let" our souls thus delight themselves, if we really *believe* what he says of his never-sleeping care for us, and his loving-kindness, always the same whatever may be the seeming; we shall

"let" our souls delight themselves if we accept his comfort, so tenderly proffered; his strength, assured to be as our day, and his grace, which — strange as it seems to unbelief — is sufficient for us; we shall "let" our souls delight themselves even in all his will, if we confide in that will, as did our elder Brother. And why should we not, since his will is but the active power of his character, which is love?

Shall we, then, treat carelessly what he says? No! we will, rather, pray that we may know and love his word more and more every day. Only so shall we grow: "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." (1 Pet. ii., 2.) And, growing, we shall become able to take the "strong meat," and to "eat of the hidden manna," — the precious secrets of the Lord, which he has enfolded in his word for "them that love him."

See, also, our Lord's petition for us three verses farther on: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." Do not we, also, desire and pray that what he meant by "sanctify them," may be fulfilled in us? Then it will, no doubt, be found by each one, that some particular verse, now one and now another, like a hand held out by Him and grasped by us, lifts us up. And it will, I think, generally be recalled that these came at moments when the soul was exhausted by its own vain struggles, but panting after God.

AN ACROSTIC.

[BY MRS. T. W. GRAY.]

THE voice of Jesus still is calling,
 Hark well, ye saints of earth,
 Every day, both eve and morning,
 Must we proclaim His birth.
 Is it not by consecration,
 Sacrifice, and loving hearts,
 Service done with true devotion,
 Is not this for *all* a part?
 O then let us shout for Jesus,
 Never stopping here, or there,
 And reach out to every nation,
 Resting not, for souls are there.
 Yes, how many need Salvation,—
 Help us then tell *all* the news,
 Every one should give to Jesus,
 Love, life, money, His to use.
 Pray and labor then for missions,
 Each one, home and foreign, too,
 Resting not till there's naught to do.

Home Mission Notes.

[BY MRS. ARTHUR GIVEN.]

NEVER before have there been so many open doors for our beloved denomination as at the present time. All over the land; from the Pacific coast, from the entire south, from the western prairies, the call is loud and earnest, "Enter in and take possession, and we will make you strong."

Wallula, Washington Territory, whose lovely climate and fertile lands have assured its rapid and sure growth; of which one who knows and can be trusted writes: "Eastern people are going there in swarms." Wallula has already made its voice heard, and the Rev. J. C. Steele has responded: "Here am I, send me." Not waiting to be sent, like the pioneers of old he has left family and friends, and *gone*, trusting in the Great Master and in *us* His children.

A little band of Free Baptists are already there prepared for labor and sacrifice, and Brother Steele writes: "If you hear any of the swarms humming, let them know before they leave the old hive that another is ready for them here." Let us not forget this very promising interest.

S. P. Meads, of Oakland, Cal., writes in the *Star*: "If the Home Missionary Society were able to send us an active and wise man, filled with the spirit, . . . Were it able to support this man five years, churches having *original* Free Baptist blood in them could be gathered in *all the large cities* from Portland, Oregon, to San Diego. As the Home Missionary Society is not able to do this, the next best thing must be done." And so with a church in San Francisco, and its mission in energetic, thriving Oakland, they are doing all they can.

Let us hear the Rev. J. E. Cox, that battle-scarred veteran, who says: "I ask not a dollar that shall get directly or indirectly into my pocket. I came to this southland without the help of a mission board, (arrived without a dollar in my pocket), and for three years have not let the grass grow under my feet." Writing from South Carolina he says: "My work could ill spare me from West Virginia, but there seemed such an opening for a good work here that I waited for no man to send me.

"I am gathering up the churches as fast as I can visit them. I am hopeful of uniting them all in our church. There are about thirty churches and 1,500 members. Most of the churches have houses of worship." He says, "In every southern state there are bodies of Free Baptists numbering probably twenty thousand members, who can be brought into coöperation with our denomination." He believes the rapidly growing free communion element in the South with a little effort can and should all be brought into the Free Baptist denomination. Hear his bugle call, friends. Don't do less for west, or north, or east, but if possible do a little something to help the cause in the south, and you will see great and permanent results.

Judge Mills, of Hillsdale, writes of our interests in the southwest: "There have been gathered into our denomination four Yearly Meetings, twelve Quarterly Meetings, 111 churches, and 4,609 members, with 102 ordained and thirty-seven licensed ministers. Brother Manning has organized ten of these Quarterly Meetings and ordained nearly fifty ministers. This success has been reached with an outlay too small to be considered. If we could have had men and means at command our success must have been beyond any estimate that can now be made. Some fields of great promise are now opening to us. In southern Missouri an association of churches exclusively of white people have already voted to unite with us. They number about seven hundred members. They should be visited at once.

In Mississippi an association of colored people of about three hundred, only wait a visit to come in. In Alabama a grand opening among the whites is awaiting an acquaintance with us. But it is useless to speak of the openings in Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, and other parts of the southwest. We cannot possibly meet the calls for help and acquaintance. If we could only keep one man like Brother Manning in the field all the time, it would accomplish wonders. Can't some means be devised?"

The union of the small and weak performs great works. The birds caught in the fowler's net plied their wings in concert and bore away the net.— *Hindu*.

Correspondence.

[FROM A TEACHER.]

HARPER'S FERRY NOTES.— THEN AND NOW.

"It's the best class in English grammar I've had." This from one who has taught that branch at Storer not less than fifteen years means a good deal. While it cannot of course be said of every separate class, any one who has been connected with the school long enough to make comparisons, will agree that it does apply to the school in general. The teacher of science of government (which a sense of duty to our country has led us to make a specialty of, putting it not too high in the course of study to reach the majority of our pupils), says: "This is a very different class from those I used to have."

It is easily accounted for in the fact that our present pupils are mostly from the free schools, while in former times the minds of a large proportion had been left unworked through the spring of life when cultivation is most needed and most fruitful. It is the chief joy of Storer Normal School that she has been instrumental in bringing about this result. The greatest and most important work she sees before her now is in the same direction. No other at this time can more justly urge its claims upon the charity of the benevolent and the consideration of wise and patriotic statesmen.

The state aid which on account of the small proportion of colored people in West Virginia is very small financially, has yet greatly helped on the work. It has brought within our reach the most promising young people from remote parts of our large state, so that now its numerous corners and counties are very well represented, and while the extremely hard times have kept away many whose faces we are sorry to miss, our roll falls very little short of the usual number.

A helpful visitor from New England, who assisted in our sewing classes five years ago, and is doing the same now, sees a very decided improvement in the use of the needle, though, with very few exceptions, the pupils are different.

But the contrast between then and now, so plain to us

who have watched this work from its beginning, is slight compared with that seen between there and here by the visitor from New England. The change which was then expected from a few years with the schoolmaster seems but just begun. And yet the wretchedness of those days compared with now. We would be glad to have those see who shared with us the labors of those early days, whose sighs mingled with ours over the abject condition of the women who came to us for the clothing sent so lavishly from the North. How different an impression they would have now. "Slavery seems to have borne so much more heavily upon the women than the men." Instead of that feeling so universally expressed then, one can but wonder and speculate upon the apparent fact that they have risen so much more rapidly than the men.

The women have certainly done and are doing nobly their part and much more than their part. Said a pastor of a Baltimore colored church not long since: "The women do it all. If there is money to be raised, it's the women that bring forward the halves, and quarters, and dimes. Occasionally a man comes up with a five cent piece." It is an interesting problem how much of this is due to woman's greater susceptibility to education and a free gospel, which the sexes have shared equally,—how much to the saving and elevating power of labor from which for woman there is no escape. If we sometimes see a foolish girl, allow an aged father or mother do for her what she can do for herself, while she in the false pride too prevalent at the South enjoys leisure, maternity purifies of all that dross. Far too many of our colored sisters, before that heaven-sent stimulus has come to them, find they "have something to work for" in the shape of a man that is not ashamed to play the gentleman of leisure, and "eat bread in the sweat of his (wife's) brow." A higher sentiment in this direction,—that idleness is a disgrace to the able-bodied, must become more prevalent, and it should be a special object of the labor of teachers and preachers to bring this about, before satisfactory progress can be reached for. A high plane of civilization can never be reached by people till the average earnings of the men are considerably more than sufficient to supply their own wants.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., April 9, 1886.

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

"We had such a nice Yearly Meeting. It was delightful. The native brethren showed a good spirit; a purpose to work more faithfully for their countrymen, and a willingness to endure for Christ's sake. There is a very evident growing interest in the matter of self-support and of efforts to that end. Midnapore Church received no help from the mission funds last year and starts again this year on the same line. Balasore Church, too, is trying the same this year. And the other churches are making a gain in this respect each year.

The first day of the Yearly Meeting there was a very evident feeling of poverty and down-heartedness on account of the lack of funds, but before the meeting was over we were as hopeful and full of plans as if the treasury had been full. It was interesting, if not amusing, to watch the rise of the tide of hopefulness as seen in all the deliberations during the week. Plans that at first seemed ready to be abandoned were looked upon as quite feasible at the close. True they said the remittances had been short for some time, and they were in debt, but there had been special reasons at home, and probably the next remittance would be all right, or the coming year would straighten things. And so we parted, cheered and strengthened, and determined to work and pray for *present* favored results more than we have. There was a general feeling that there has been a long sowing-time, and we surely might be reaping now. Of course God knows best about that, but we are to be on the lookout for fruit this year, and gather it if possible, while at the same time we keep on sowing. Don't, don't fail to pray for these people, and for us. I doubt if you can at all realize *how much* of a comfort it is to know that in some families we are not forgotten when they pray.

I should like to take a peep into the new vestries and enjoy their cosiness for a bit, but I should want to come straight back. I have never doubted since I came here that this was my place. . . . While we were away, from Jan. 4, to Feb. 5, we left everything in the hands of the natives, giving responsibilities to those who seemed the best able to take them, and then trusted them and the Lord to bring things out all right. Everything went on as though

we were here. The zenana work, ragged schools, industrial school, printing-press, meetings of the church, sewing society, English school for girls, and my family of unmarried teachers left to themselves (with the old women of course). Sometimes while I was gone I would think of all these Midnapore cares, but was enabled every time to just put them away and believe the Lord would look after everything, and so I could give my thoughts and energies to the work where I was. We have been back two days, and as far as I have learned yet, everything has been moving on very well. To-day, Sunday, there has been a baptism and an addition to our church. This makes the second this winter.

On our trip home we stopped over one day at a bungalow, and Mr. George and I went over to Dainmári where we have a little church and where is Sachi's old home. (Sachi, you know, is one of our best young preachers.) I think I have spoken of his father's release from jail of late, and of the change in all his (the father's) prospects. He has gone back to his old home and, they said, he cried like a child when he saw how broken it was and realized how alone he was. We all hope he will become a Christian. There are but few Christians there, but they seem quite firm. Dainmári is about four miles from the main road. Mr. George walked over and back, and I went on a *duli* carried by four men.

The next day, when near Midnapore, on the other side of the river, I went to a new school which began just before we went on our trip. This school is in a heathen village taught by a Hindu. The men of the village, some twelve or fourteen of them, came to me begging to have a school started for them, and though I told them we should have the catechism taught, they were quite willing.

MIDNAPORE, FEB.

“ONWARD, STILL PURSUING.”

THESE extracts are from a communication of a pupil at Storer Normal School. Miss Franklin says of him: “He is an undergraduate, but a young man of great promise, who has been here a part of three years, and was here brought to Christ.”

You ask what are the people doing? The answer is they are awakening to the great importance of education, anticipating the advantages that will eventually accrue from it; buying books for their children, subscribing for newspapers, supporting pastors for their churches, and attending Sabbath School. Last Sunday I had a class of ten, five of whom could not read; the average age must have been fifty years; attentive listeners and very close questioners. Our lesson was, "The hand writing on the wall." . . .

Besides doing the things spoken of, they are buying homes, renting and working farms, filling various positions such as laborers, mechanics, etc., as well as other positions in which direct individual labor is employed. But what we most need is, that education which trains the hand and the eye, which gives instruction in all those arts and sciences for which the various processes of manufactures depend, and upon which the natural resources of the earth are based.

Some one says, "It will not do to measure our progress by the height to which we have ascended, but by the depth from which we have come." Taking that view of it my idea is that the progress of the colored people has been rapid, and I think substantial, and we are forced to exclaim, "He hath not dealt so by any people." But I am not unmindful of the fact that the good work has hardly begun. A difficult and rocky landscape lies before us, and over which we must go if we would take our place by the side of our more fortunate brothers. God's finger seems not to point to the present as the chosen hour for his designs to fully unfold. He would teach us to wait for his appointed time; not as one has said in listless idleness; not in useless pastime, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing and fulfilling our task, that when the occasion comes we may be equal to it; the talent of success being nothing more than doing what we can do well, and doing well what we do without a thought of fame.

R. W. CALLAWAY.

HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VA.

[FROM MRS. BACHELER.]

A PLEASANT MEMORY.

AT last we had really started for the Santal country, where we hoped to see and examine all the schools, between

forty and fifty in number. Reckoning bipeds and quadrupeds we were quite a company. First was our *karanchi gári* drawn by strong oxen. The *gári* was very much like an ordinary butcher's cart, except that the covering was of matting over a bamboo frame and projected out before and behind to protect the occupants from the sun. Said *gári* had a nice lot of clean straw, over which was packed bed and bedding, and over all a clean straw mat on which to sit. A number of little bundles were hung up by strings on the inside covering.

Dr. B. was surrounded by a happy troop of Santals just going to their jungle homes from the Midnapore training-school, and they were enjoying the walk over the rice-fields and through the tall grass, which they preferred to the road. The extra bullocks, among which was a handsome pure white one called Mary's, and the pretty black and white speckled goats, who came along to give us milk; our wide awake dogs, now darting after a *godeka*, who mysteriously disappeared in a hole behind a bush, then dashing off for a jackal (vainly), then coming back to dance and bark around the bullocks and goats,—all this made a lively picture.

Joe Chadwick said: "Now our school laziness will go broken." One Burr carried the gun, which was to give us meat. Santals eat almost everything, and these boys wanted, so they said, some flying foxes for their dinner. Every tree was carefully watched. At last, at Satpati, in the trees round the big tank, they saw them hanging down from the branches for their day's snooze. Burr marched up with the gun, and "Papa" brought down fourteen of them. The Santal boys were jubilant, and quickly suspended them on their canes which they then carried over their shoulders, the uncanny looking creatures hanging against their bare backs.

Mary was much interested in them, especially when the boys told her that if any one tasted the liver of a flying fox laziness would never come to them as long as they lived, and to her delight they promised her some when their dinner was cooked.

Arrived at our camping-place, in a pleasant grove, near the close of day, the fires were soon burning brightly, the flying foxes dressed and cooked, the coarse rice boiled, the *flesh* made savory with mustard seed oil and hot spices, and

then a delicate bit of the liver was brought as promised, as an antidote for laziness.

Early the next day our tent was pitched in a central place so that a number of schools could come together. We soon saw a company in the distance coming out from the thick jungle in single file, and from another direction two more separate companies, making in all three schools. The teachers led the way,—fine looking men, heads erect, shoulders back, a strong, honest step, and faces frank and open. In the hands of many were offerings for us; a fowl, a squash, other native vegetables, and one teacher brought a pretty little kid for the "Missee baba."

The examinations, carried on partly under the trees and partly in the tent, were very satisfactory. They showed great pains and perseverance. The teachers knew but little themselves, but seemed to have the faculty of teaching what they did know. Before going back they received plain religious instruction. The next day a number more schools came, all that were within six miles of us. And the day following we struck tent and went to another central place, where our monthly inspector had also notified the schools.

As one school appeared coming in the distance, each one seemed to be armed with something that looked like a gun. As they came up it proved to be a long stick of wood brought as an offering, because as they said they had nothing else.

We moved from place to place, and in four weeks had examined nearly every school. Religious teaching had been given in all, though the teachers themselves were not Christians. Portions of the Scriptures, in Santal and Bengali, were the principal reading-books after the primer.

It was sowing time. We sowed in hope. "My word shall not return unto me void" we fully believed, and were happy.

After years have proved this true, even more than we then hoped. The schools have been multiplied. Many of the teachers and pupils are Christians; the grade of education has been raised year by year, and many girls are now found in these schools.

NEW HAMPTON, N. H.

The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others, the more he is increased.—*Lao Tsyé.*

Finance.

[BY MISS DE MERITTE.]

A HOME worker asks how money is sent to India, and how much it costs to send it. She wishes the answer to appear in the *HELPER*, as others may like to know about this matter.

The India appropriation is sent by bill of exchange quarterly — the last of February, May, August, and November. The exchange varies from one to two per cent., we think, on the amount remitted, and is deducted from salaries and appropriations for schools, and other objects.

In this connection it may do no harm to repeat what has often been said, that the Woman's Society has no salaried officers, and only the money paid for printing the annual reports is taken from regular contributions; postage and other incidentals being paid from money contributed for the Incidental fund. One can readily see that the expenses are thus reduced to the *minimum*.

Let us not forget that another quarter will soon be completed, and money is needed with which to pay the bills. The first six months of this year the contributions equalled the appropriations. While we may be thankful for this, we should aim at similar results for the last six months.

Judging by past experiences the Treasurer has only to inform the auxiliaries and individual contributors that the funds are coming in *too slowly* in order to quicken their activities and increase their gifts.

NOTES.

From the following list auxiliaries and individuals may select special work. Our greatest need, however, is for the Home Mission and General Work departments. If teachers are desired please write to me or to the missionaries, who will try to assign them as they may be wanted. If at any time any auxiliary wishes to give up the support of a teacher for some other department of work, the missionary with whom the teacher is located should be notified at once, and any change in teachers will be reported by the missionaries. In sending money to the treasurer specify *definitely* to whom it is to be credited and for what it is intended.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Salary of Miss Ida Phillips, in shares of \$5.00 each.

“ “ Miss Mary Bacheler, “ 4.00 “

“ “ Miss L. Coombs, “ 1.00 “

Teachers at Balasore, 5; Miss I. Phillips, Balasore, India.

“ “ Midnapore, 4; Miss L. Coombs, Midnapore, India.

“ “ Bhimpore, 3; Mrs. J. E. Burkholder, Midnapore, India.

HOME MISSIONS.

Salary of Mrs. L. Brackett Lightner.

Appropriation for School Work at Harper's Ferry.

Western Department.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Work.

By order of the Board, TREASURER.

Hints for Home Workers.

[BY MRS. NELLIE DUNN GATES.]

IN watching the work of various societies near me, I have wondered if some suggestions would be of value to others.

Our Baptist friends find that all day mission meetings are a great stimulus. They have them semi-annually, alternating with different churches of the association. They are called “basket meetings,” for each lady takes her own lunch, thus saving expense and trouble of entertaining for the ladies at whose church the meeting is held, and saving time, which can be used in forming acquaintances. These informal social discussions of practical questions, between the sessions, are not only interesting but helpful.

Usually two sessions are held and only for women; but in large towns, an evening service is held, to which all are invited, addressed by pastors or missionaries. It has been found that it is best to combine home and foreign missions.

The Presbyterians have similar meetings occasionally. The Methodist Episcopal Church of this city have a successful plan of systematic work for Sabbath Schools.

I have thought it may be used in country churches where extra evening or week-day sessions are not convenient.

Every month they have a mission meeting, of which each

class in turn takes charge. This gives all a chance to work, and adds variety and a healthy rivalry, increasing collections as well as interest.

Last month it was a class of young men; the pastor gave an address; a male quartette sang. The previous month recitations and songs were given by little girls. Shall I give a programme recently prepared by the writer which met with approbation.

It was opened by remarks by leader on "Faith," with scripture quotations. This was followed by recitations of song of "Doubt and Faith (Holland's 'Bitter-Sweet')," by two young ladies. Papers were read: "She hath done what she could," and "Wanted Haystacks," (the latter being from A. D. Williams in *Star* with some changes). Recitations, "The Famine Cry," and "One Head of Wheat." One of the most interesting exercises was "Scrap Basket," the short items from papers, incidents of missionaries and facts with regard to progress of missions, with some pointed questions of local application. "These Little Red Boxes" was given by two little girls who took collection in boxes trimmed with wheat heads and ribbon bows. Trios were sung by young ladies, chorus, "Send the Bible," by children's band. During collection "Cast thy Bread upon the Waters," sung softly, was very effective.

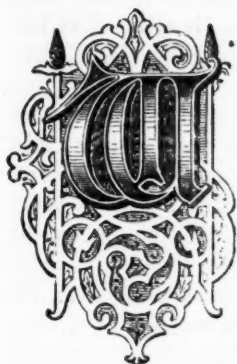
In all such meetings the HELPER is a helper, and the book of "Missionary Exercises" useful. But constant gleanings from all sources is necessary, and adaptation of parts to persons essential. I keep a box in which to drop articles worth saving, and find it helpful for myself and others.

MY MISSIONARY APPRENTICESHIP. By Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D. D. Published by Phillips & Hunt, New York. Pp. 336, small octavo.

The author writes out of his experience, covering a period of twenty-five years of missionary work. To get a clear view of missionary life is, in the nature of the case, difficult. To help to this end, Dr. Thoburn has, as he says in the preface, "opened the front door of the missionary's house, and his heart as well," necessarily presenting matters of a purely personal character, to the public. The desire is to bring nearer to the home friends, and especially to the young men and women of the church, some things not understood, but eagerly sought for.

Home Department.

My Soul and I.



HO art thou, O, my secret inmost Soul?
That o'er my thoughts and being hold control;
Secure indwelling in this earthly frame,
I only know thee by this empty name.

Oh, living type of the Divinity,
Back of all the past, beyond futurity!
What e'er thou art, I cannot comprehend,
Ere the beginning thou, and without end.

The jewel where God's image is engraved;
Th' immortal self! O, count it not depraved;
The spark that wandered forth from God alone,
And in this mortal body found again its throne.

Who art thou, Soul? I cannot see thy face,
Nor trace thee to thy secret hiding-place;
I pause and wonder, though myself thou art,
I understand thee not — of God a part.

—Selected.

Kathleen.

A STORY FOR THE GIRLS.

My first remembrance of Kathleen Hart is a child's picture, graven on the heart of a child.

How all the surroundings come up at the magic touch of memory's wand! The old Centre church, where hundreds of devout people listened so patiently to the long prayers, and longer sermons; where even the oval galleries were filled, and the old-fashioned choir was led by violin, flute, and bass viol. And the singers! O, those pure, clear, thrilling voices which soared in songs of praise or plead in prayerful songs, can they ever be forgotten?

The child Kathleen listened enchanted to all this, a wee golden-haired lassie, nestling between father and mother, with brother Ben and sister Anna on either side, for she was the lamb of the flock, and petted and spoiled by all.

Hers was indeed a love sheltered life, and it was well, for the future of the little maiden held enough of toil, privation, and struggle, to make those early memories very sweet.

The first change came in the common round, the marriage of Sister Anna, followed by that of Brother Ben, so that little Kathleen, left alone with the old father and the sickly mother, was no longer the pet and darling, but the stay and helper of the household. But the sunshine did not leave the fair little Kathleen's face, not even when the dear father bade adieu to toil and sickness, and went where it was unknown, and she was left alone with the invalid mother. How well I remember the whispered words: "Poor Kathleen, what will she do now with the bed-ridden mother?"

I knew nothing of the fearful import of those words which Kathleen understood so fully as the years went by.

In the beautiful spring-time of life, when all her young companions were flitting hither and thither at the call of some new pleasure, spring with its buds and blossoms, autumn with its glows, and winter with its frost jewels and gay merry makings, came and went, and her world was bounded by the four walls of a sick room.

To watch over and minister to the sufferer, to wait anxiously for the coming of the doctor, who sat by the bedside with knitted brows, and doled out pills and potions day after day as the years rolled round — this was all that Kathleen Hart knew of the busy bustling world of which she was a part.

"Poor Kathleen."

"We are all so very sorry for you, Kathie," said a young friend who looked in upon her now and then.

"For me?" said Kathleen in surprise, "for mother, you mean. It is dreadful to see her suffer so. I can't think this is just the way God wants a human life to pass, and some day I mean to know," and the bright eyes which were lifted to Nettie Manning's face certainly were clear enough, yet that young lady said to her mother on her return home:

"Poor Kathleen. She is so very queer, I do hope her mind isn't affected."

Kathleen's mind was certainly keenly alive to all that affected the sufferer.

She watched every symptom, and the effects, or rather the failure of the medicines prescribed, and said within herself:

"The good doctor does not understand the case. Oh, if I only had the power to relieve my poor mother of this dreadful suffering."

The years went by, and with them Kathleen's youth, and at last, at last—the sufferer found rest; but it was where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

"Poor Kathleen. She has been so faithful," the gossips said now, "and all her young friends are settled in homes of their own. What is to become of her?"

This question, however, did not trouble Kathleen, who answered quietly when questioned as to her intentions:

"If God has a work for me to do, He will help me, I think. I am his servant."

What this work was no one conjectured, yet the gossips were righteously indignant when Kathleen rejected a suitor who offered her his hand, with a home, and *plenty of work to do*.

"Isn't it flying in the face of Providence?" one bolder than the rest asked her.

"I do not love him. If I married him it would be a grievous sin," was all the answer Kathleen vouchsafed.

The mystery was revealed at last.

Kathleen's frequent absences were understood, when it was known that for years she had been studying medicine, that she had attended lectures, and passed her examinations with honor, and that now, if she did *not* care for the title Mrs., she had a right to that of M. D., which she seemed greatly to enjoy.

Kathleen had influential friends, one of the first physicians in the city, who, with his excellent wife, had noted the earnestness and sterling integrity of the girl's character, befriended her, and introduced her to a practice which constantly increased, till *Dr. Hart* became one of the well-known and influential practitioners of the city.

Tidings of her successes reached Meriden, her native village, and the gossips who had groaned so pitifully over the failure of their matrimonial schemes for Kathleen, said proudly:

"Dr. Hart is a native of *our village*, and commenced her work here."

Some one has said, "Nothing succeeds like success, and

now that Dr. Hart was undeniably famous, the number of friends who "knew it would be so," was astonishing.

Dr. Doremus went on a European tour, leaving his practice in the hands of Dr. Hart, and this was all that was needed to establish the already successful physician.

Many patients from Meriden came to the city to consult Dr. Hart, and one of them whom she had greatly benefited, said to her :

"We all thought you had taken leave of your senses, Kathleen, when you struck out for yourself in this way, but I am truly glad for one, that you had the courage. You have helped me so much, but tell me, my dear, are you satisfied? are you happy?"

"Entirely so," said Kathleen, laying aside her glasses as if better to glance backward at her youth.

"I love my profession devotedly. It gives such pleasure to relieve suffering, to help people, my life is so full of interest. My dear mother's long sickness, perhaps, inspired my first determination to know if there was a remedy. Was it God's plan to teach me *my* work? I fully believe I have found it."

"Well, may He bless you in it, as He certainly does," said Mrs. Brown.

"I wish we were all controlled less by *other people's* opinions," she continued, "we would, I am sure, lead truer and better lives."

THIS story of "Kathleen," from Mrs. Housh's excellent *Woman's Magazine*, seems to us to have valuable lessons. We all admire the filial love, the devotion to duty, and the self-reliance which led her out finally to help the world. By it we may be taught to make the most of present opportunities, with an eye open to the bright side, and the possibilities before us.

Dear girls,

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,"

don't shrink from the deeper waters; your skiff may be tossed about, but keep a clear head, a firm purpose, and an abiding faith in God. The world needs women with thought and purpose, and to such the reward is sure.

Thou sayest, "When I have enough I will relieve the distressed."
How I pity thee! Thou wilt never have enough.—*Chinese.*

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

In July, 1885, the First Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Auxiliary of South Berwick, was organized with twenty-five members. Although the ladies expressed themselves as unacquainted with methods of work, they have manifested a very commendable zeal. Having joined the "Quilting Army," a very pretty quilt has developed from their busy fingers during the winter. Their funds are to be divided between the home and foreign missions. They have already sent ten dollars to Harper's Ferry. The *young* people have caught the same spirit, and organized a band of "Cheerful Workers," taking shares in Miss Ida Phillips' salary. They, too, are blending bright bits of patchwork and happy anticipations of the result of their mission sale, which is to occur in the early summer. To many the work may seem *small*, but if the *little springs* may flow in from each church, what a broad *river* our *treasury* may be for watering many souls! M. G. OSGOOD.

NEW YORK.

From various sources I glean the following items in regard to mission work in some parts of the Central Association. The women of the Tioga Quarterly Meeting had a spirited session at the October Quarterly Meeting at Warren, Penn. Mrs. Whitaker presided; Cora Malson recited, "Building and Being"; six young ladies recited, "The Appeal"; Miss Lottie Dean read an essay; two lads gave a dialogue; Miss Lulie Dodge recited, "Patchwork"; Anna Dodge, "Our lives," and Willie Dodge, five years old, a sermon on "God Loveth a Cheerful Giver." Music was interspersed, and altogether the service was enjoyable and helpful. The collection was eight dollars.

Mrs. G. W. Mayhew, secretary, writes: "The Woman's Quarterly Meeting Missionary Society was held at Apalachin, Saturday evening, January 23, in connection with the Oswego Quarterly Meeting. A well arranged programme was fully sustained, consisting of singing, reading of Scripture, speaking, reading a letter from Sister Griffin, from India, and a sermon by the Rev. M. Dodge, closing with a collection of \$3.25."

At the last session of the Rochester Quarterly Meeting, the Woman's Quarterly Meeting Missionary Society occupied Saturday evening with credit to themselves and profit to all. The collection was \$3.09.

The Young Peoples' Society of "Christian Endeavor," in the Fairport Church, is reported as doing a good work. The Hudson Street Sunday School, of Buffalo, sent a box of presents for the Industrial School in India, at Christmas, and twenty-five dollars to enable Mrs. Griffin to employ a teacher for her school. They are learning that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The presents to the children of the school were put in little ornamented

bags, and it was planned that each child should retain the bag, and put in it a penny a week, as a gift to Christ. Next Christmas the bags will be brought together, and the offering publicly made." Are there not others who will "go and do likewise?"

The Marilla "Birthday Band" now have the large picture of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin to hang in their church room beside the names of the band. At the February session of the Catskill Quarterly Meeting, at Elton, the house was well filled, for the woman's missionary meeting, Saturday evening. Mrs. Calkins, of Buffalo, gave an address on "City Mission Work." The Rev. W. H. Peck read a fine paper on "Foreign Mission Work." The children did their part *well*. The collection was nearly five dollars, and we thanked God and took courage.

A. C. MCKOON.

Mrs. Hoag, of Poestenkill, writes: "I do think the *HELPER* is one of the best books printed, and all our church people are pleased with it.

"I have a mission or birthday of forty names. I think we shall raise some eighteen or twenty dollars for missions in our small church. I wish each church in our Rensselaer Quarterly Meeting would take an interest in this cause. My daily prayer is that we may be true workers in the Master's vineyard."

Mrs. Sprague, of Poland, earnest in the work, says that you all may be glad to know our missionary meeting was a success. Though the roads were bad, and the weather not good, there was a fair congregation which seemed to be much interested. Our young ladies read selections from the *HELPER*, "Broidery Work," "Madge, the Dreamer," "The Contribution Box Transformed," and others. The young women! how much they can do!

MINNESOTA.

DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: The extra copies of the *HELPER* are received, and will prove helpers, indeed, in the new fields to which I shall take them. They grow better and more interesting and helpful every year. No one can read them, even for a short time, without feeling their own souls enlarged, the ties of humanity binding them closer to the whole human race, and stronger desires to reach the helping hand to all needy ones. May God strengthen and sustain you in the noble work in which you are engaged.

Here in Hennepin Quarterly Meeting we are trying to do what we can for the mission cause. We now have ten auxiliaries. You probably remember when you were here at General Conference we had but three auxiliaries in the state. It has been our privilege to attend several missionary meetings recently. March 7, the public mission meeting of the Champlain Auxiliary was held. We had a full house with an interesting programme. This auxiliary was organized in 1878. We also have a young ladies' missionary society with twenty-seven members, which was organized one year ago. March 13, we held a woman's missionary meeting at

Elk River, twelve miles from Champlain, in connection with the Quarterly Meeting which convened there. A large and attentive audience was in attendance. March 21, at Brooklyn Church, five miles from Champlain and a branch of this church, we held our first public meeting of the new auxiliary which was organized three months ago, and the people seemed much interested. And thus the good work is growing among us here in the West; new ones becoming interested in the cause, and older workers fresh with zeal consecrating themselves to the work of saving souls.

We are to go soon into the Blue Earth Valley Quarterly Meeting where no auxiliaries exist, but we believe there are many hearts there striving to do something for the cause of missions, and we are in hopes to form some auxiliaries among them, and thus increase their interest.

Mrs. A. A. MCKENNEY.

OHIO.

DEAR HELPER: The February session of the Richland and Licking Quarterly Meeting, met with the Concord Church; and Saturday evening, February 20, was devoted to the Woman's Missionary Society. Owing to the bad condition of the roads there was but few out. Our programme consisted in singing by the choir and recitations by the children. Collection for the evening, \$5.00. Quarterly Meeting collection, \$3.00, which was given to mission work.

Mrs. CHARLES HILDRETH.

DIED, Feb, 26, 1886, at the home of her "foster parents," Mr. and Mrs. B. Goff, near Concord, O., Miss Lida Baker, aged fifteen years.

Resolved, That we deeply feel the vacancy made in our Missionary Society in the loss of one so young and so ready to go or come at the Master's bidding.

That her zeal and earnestness in Christian work, her desire and purpose to consecrate her life to the cause, calls loudly to us who remain to be faithful unto death, that we may also receive a crown of life.

That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved "foster parents" and friends, praying that the God of consolation may with his great love fill their hearts while they mourn, "not as those who have no hope."

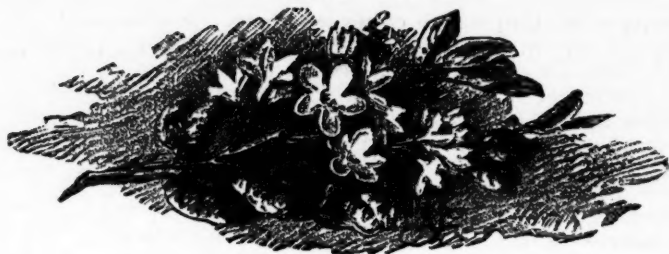
Mrs. D. B. RICHARDSON.

Mrs. R. E. EMERSON.

Mrs. CHARLES HILDRETH.

COLORADO.

Mrs. McFerren writes from Pitkin: "O, how we need a missionary of the true spirit out in these hills. We have fought hard to keep the Sabbath School alive, and are having a good school now. The little ones are preparing for an Easter entertainment and I feel encouraged." The conclusion is that there is no minister at Pitkin. Where are you, my brothers, that you stay at the east so long?



Children's Niche.

The Blessing of Song.



YHAT a friend we have in Jesus,"
Sang a little child, one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;

Sweetly rang out baby's treble —
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;

But the baby, singing, bade her
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As he was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

Christian Observer.

Doing Business for the Lord.

[BY MRS. A. L. FARR.]

CHARLIE.—"Well, boys, the two weeks have passed since we organized our company and chose our officers. Now are we all ready to begin?"

EDWARD.—"As I was chosen to solicit members, I will present the names of four boys who will each take a share."

DICK.—“And here are the names of five more.”

CHARLIE.—“That is encouraging; that will make *nine* in all. Now, what have you to propose?”

EDWARD.—“I have been thinking a good deal about that boys' school in Ongole, India. You know the girls are working for the girls' school, and it would be just the thing for us to do something for those boys. I read somewhere, not long since, ‘that a man on the other side of the globe holds a mortgage on our property.’ I suppose the remark referred to the claims of the heathen upon Christian people to send them the Gospel. If that is so, there must be one of those boys in that school who holds a mortgage against *our* property.”

DICK.—“Well, if that is so, the quicker we clear off the mortgage the better.”

CHARLIE.—“More than that, the Lord himself owns all we have, and all that we can ever do will never repay him for all he has done for us; yet, if we can clear off that mortgage, it will be ‘doing business’ for *him* just the same, you know.”

EDWARD.—“And it will be such a satisfaction to us, too. And now, what plan are we to pursue?”

DICK.—“We have no capital to start with as I see. I have no real estate—unless it is *under my hat*! No other property to be mortgaged as I know of!”

CHARLIE.—“Well, we want *brains*, as well as money, Dick, so we'll appoint you financial manager of the concern.”

EDWARD.—“We decided at our last meeting to appropriate our ‘tenths’ from our earnings each week, as our capital with which to start the business. We decided, too, as this was the Lord's money, borrowed from him, we must be exceedingly careful that every cent be returned to him, principal and interest, besides the profits made on the investment.”

CHARLIE.—“I had thought, boys, that the most *paying* investment we could make would be to put our capital into the ground, and take the Lord in as partner in the concern to help us make money for him. For instance, a crop of vegetables to gather in the fall, and sell at good prices, wouldn't be a bad thing. It seems to me that the Lord would have more to do with such a scheme than with any other, particularly as he must furnish the rain and sunshine.”

DICK.—“*Potatoes* pay well, boys. Father always gets good prices for his. It is a vegetable everybody must have.”

EDWARD.—“We have no land on which to raise potatoes.”

CHARLIE.—“Well, I saw Deacon Evans about renting that acre of his just north of his barn. It’s splendid for potatoes. He was anxious to know what I wanted the ground for; but when I explained that we boys had organized a stock company concern to make money for the Lord’s cause, and proposed to plant that acre with potatoes, he was as pleased as if he was a party himself.”

DICK.—“Well, what rent does he want for the land?”

CHARLIE.—“He said, after fidgeting about for awhile: ‘Seein’ it’s the Lord as wants it, I don’t care about making any bargain with him, so I shan’t ask any rent.’ I told him then, that as we boys had organized our company on strict business principles, and proposed to run it that way, we preferred to pay rent for the land as in any other business transaction. It seemed to me, boys, as if our Lord didn’t mean us to make him out a beggar, or any object of charity;—just as if everything for him had got to be done on the *cheap*. I just hate to hear anybody ask a merchant to take less than his price for his goods because it is for the church. I don’t believe the Lord wants them to do such cheap work for him. It is a slight on his dignity; and as for me, I want to pay Deacon Evans a fair price for the use of that acre, and I told him so. He finally asked \$4.00, and will take his pay when the crop is sold.”

EDWARD.—“Quite a sermon, Charlie! But you are about right. We will willingly pay that price.”

DICK.—“Father says that ashes are a fine fertilizer for potatoes. Suppose we buy a few bushels?”

CHARLIE.—“I suggest that as we have appointed Dick the financial manager of the business, we leave all these matters to him. He can buy the best seed and ——”

DICK.—“‘Beauty of Hebron,’ I suggest. It’s the most popular potato now.”

CHARLIE.—“And we can pay in to him as treasurer our weekly ‘tenths,’ saved from our earnings, to apply on the labor of cultivating the crop.”

DICK.—“As near as I can figure it, our weekly ‘tenths’ from us nine boys, after deducting our Sunday School con-

tribution, will just about pay for cultivating the crop. Of course we must hire *that* done, as our time is not our own, unless we get a holiday now and then to work ourselves."

EDWARD.—"Have you made provision for the harvesting?"

DICK.—That, with the cost of seed and rent of the land, can be arranged when the crop is sold."

CHARLIE.—"Now, boys, as this business is all arranged, we have only to wait the result. We have done our part. Now the Lord will do his, and send the rain and sunshine. and I believe, as Deacon Evans said, "It's God's special field, devoted to mission work, and he'll have a special blessing on it."

EDWARD.—"I am extra anxious, boys, to have that mortgage paid off, held by that boy in the Ongole school. But we must wait till fall for those potatoes."

DICK.—"Yes, and when that is paid off, another boy will rise up and say, "we owe him an education"; and so it will be. It looks now as if this business for the Lord would never end."

CHARLIE.—"Well, Dick, I don't know as we want it to end. I suggest that our financial manager read an exact report to the Sunday School in the fall, of all our doings, after our potatoes are sold, then all will know just how we made money for the Lord's cause."

DICK.—"In the meantime missionary potatoes *shall grow!*"

EDWARD.—Yes, the *missionary* potatoes shall grow!" —
The Standard.

Contributions.

RECEIPTS FROM MARCH 1 TO APRIL 1, 1886.

MAINE.			
Bowdoinham, Auxiliary, for Radlei	\$6 25	Exeter, Q. M. collection for general work	2 00
Charleston, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Burkholder's work	3 85	East Dixfield, Auxiliary, for H. M. Farmington, Q. M. collection ...	3 00
Dover & Foxcroft, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Burkholder's work	75	Mapleton, Auxiliary, for general work	3 50
Dover, Charlie Newell, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Burkholder's work..	50	Portland, Auxiliary, for Miss Bachelor's salary	5 06
		Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for Jessie Presque Isle, Missionary Band for Miss Coombs' salary	10 00
			6 25
			2 00

Saco, Auxiliary, for general work	10 00
Sangerville, Mrs. B. F. Gerry, of First Church, for Mrs. Burkholder's work.....	2 00
Sebec, Q. M. collection, for Mrs. Burkholder's work.....	6 85
South Dover, Mrs. Ayer, for Mrs. Burkholder's work.....	25
Springvale, Auxiliary, soc. H. M.; \$5.00, F. M.....	5 50
West Lebanon, Auxiliary.....	4 58

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Center Strafford, Mrs. J. S. Neal, Mrs. Gilbert Shaw, Mrs. Geo. F. Johnson, Mrs. Levi W. Brown, Mrs. Sarah E. Montgomery, Mrs. Herbert E. Tasker, Miss Sarah E. Place, Miss Ella Place, each \$1 00, Mrs. Joseph Stiles, soc.	8 50
Dover, Auxiliary, First F. B. Church.....	7 23
Great Falls, Auxiliary, for "Bessie Peckham" School, Midnapore, India, and towards L. M. of Mrs. Caroline G. James	13 50
Rochester, Auxiliary, for School at Jellasure.....	12 25
Walnut Grove, Auxiliary.....	2 26

VERMONT.

Huntington, Q. M. Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary...	25 00
South Strafford, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary....	5 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, a friend for F. M...	1 00
----------------------------------	------

MICHIGAN.

Burlington, Church, Western work	1 50
Calhoun, & North Branch Q. M. Auxiliary, for western work..	4 82
Cass & Berrien, Q. M. Auxiliary, dues from its members.....	1 75
Cook's Prairie, Church, for F. M.	7 00
Cook's Prairie, Church, Cheerful Workers for Ragged School..	5 00
Great Joseph River, Church, Mrs. R. Drinkwater, for F. M.....	1 05

Mason, H. M. Society 1-2 each F. M. and H. M.....	2 00
Porter, Auxiliary, for F. M. and balance L. M. of Mrs. Caroline Eby of Union.....	5 00
South Litchfield, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	2 00

IOWA.

Agency City, a friend for F. M.	1 00
Bryantburgh, Auxiliary, F. M. ..	1 38
Lincoln, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	15 00

WISCONSIN.

Waupun, Q. M. for Badni with Miss I. Phillips....	5 00
---	------

MINNESOTA.

Champlin, Auxiliary, for Bible Teacher, at Midnapore.....	12 00
Crystal Lake, Auxiliary, for State work.....	26 00
Magnolia, Sunday School, Auxiliary, for Wallula, W. T.....	3 00
Sioux Falls, Auxiliary, for Wallula, W. T.....	50

NEBRASKA.

Aurora, Mrs. G. W. Knapp, for F. M.	1 00
Aurora, Q. M. for State Work...	32 c8

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Woman's Aid Foreign Missionary Society, appropriation by it for Mrs. D. F. Smith's work	75 00
---	-------

MISCELLANEOUS.

From a friend for Miss Mary Bachelor's salary and balance L. M. of Mrs. M. M. Brewster, (\$25.00 already paid by same party, constituting Miss Coralie Franklin, of Harper's Ferry, W. Va. L. M.).....	25 00
Total.....	377 16

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

DOVER, N. H.

OHIO ASSOCIATION.

Receipts for March.

OHIO.

Richland and Licking Q. M. W. M. S., F. M.....	\$3 00
Harmony Q. M., F. M., \$1.10; H. M., soc.; Ed. Soc., 15c.	1 25
"Cheerful Givers," Cleveland, F. M.....	1 67
Cleveland Q. M. W. M. S., F. M., \$1.78; H. M., \$1.78....	3 56
Royalton Church, F. M.....	1 27
Cleveland Auxiliary, F. M., \$1.60; H. M., \$1.60; Ed. Soc., soc.	4 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Spring Creek Auxiliary, F. M....	\$12 00
Salem Auxiliary, F. M.....	7 90
Total, F. M., \$35.32; H. M., \$3.68; Ed. Soc., 95c.....	\$39 95

Mrs. H. J. COE,

Treas.

CLEVELAND, O., April 1, 1886.

